

SONGS . . . of the Golden Sea.



LORNE CAMPBELL



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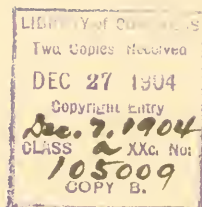


Songs of the Golden Sea

By

LORNE CAMPBELL

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1904



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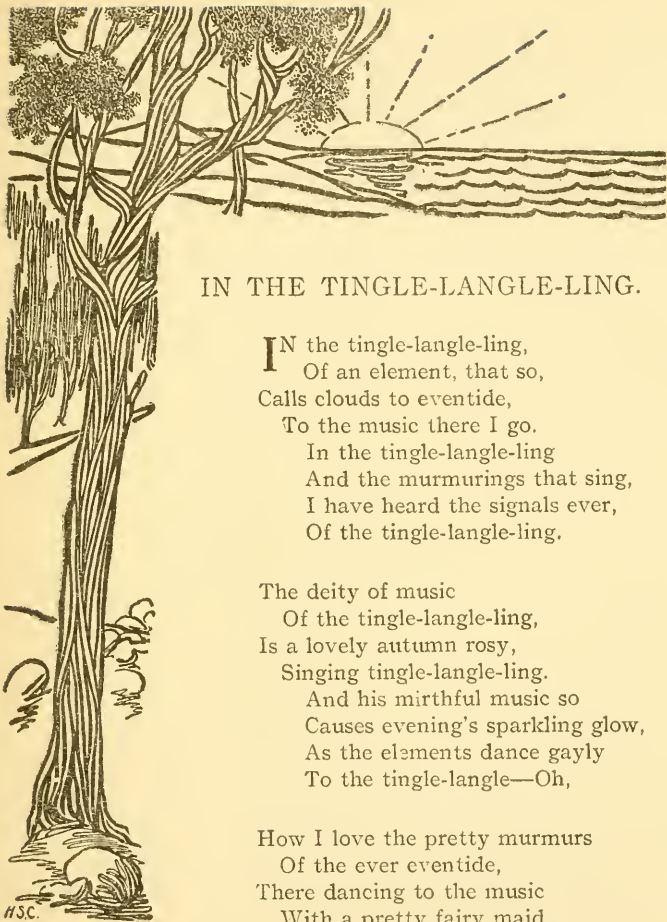
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IN THE VALLEY OLD
IN TIME.

THERE'S a rolling river running
In the valley old in time,
Where the water-cresses whisper on
Their melodies sublime.
There I met, a year ago,
Or about that space or so,
A tortoise, all forgotten,
In the valley old in time.

And the tortoise said to me, "My boy,
How old, how old are you?"
"I am more old than ages—all
The time you ever knew."
And he seemed in that decay,
To believe just in that way,
That age was more than virtue,
In the valley old in time.



IN THE TINGLE-LANGLE-LING.

IN the tingle-langle-ling,
Of an element, that so,
Calls clouds to eventide,
To the music there I go.
In the tingle-langle-ling
And the murmurings that sing,
I have heard the signals ever,
Of the tingle-langle-ling.

The deity of music
Of the tingle-langle-ling,
Is a lovely autumn rosy,
Singing tingle-langle-ling.
And his mirthful music so
Causes evening's sparkling glow,
As the elements dance gayly
To the tingle-langle—Oh,

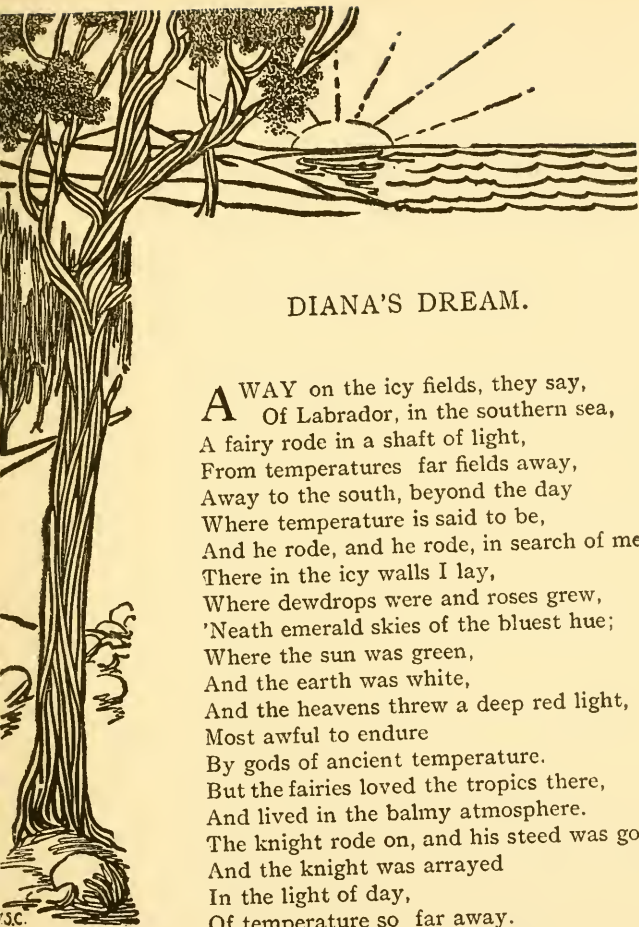
How I love the pretty murmurs
Of the ever eventide,
There dancing to the music
With a pretty fairy maid,
Whom I see but once each eve,
An instant as we swing
To the ever-merry music
Of the tingle-langle-ling.



THE FAIRY KNIGHT.

A LOVER, one night, rode in from the sky,
 Away from a cloud that hung over the sea,
 And he breathed as he fainted in passing by:
 "Sweet queen, I came from the azure sky
 Of stars that sweep o'er the dewy lea,
 To ask if love might come to me
 In a future time, can you tell me?"
 I awoke in a dream of such delight,
 In yonder cloud this very night,
 And I saw in this valley, so near by,
 A fairy they told me ruled over the sky.
 And I rode this way; but coming near,
 In hopes, dismay, and mingled fear,
 I swoon, sweet queen, in the valley here.
 I told the knight to gaze away
 To a star that twinkled toward the lea,
 To see what the ray would bring, may be.
 And the beam moved on o'er the drops of dew,
 And seemed to search for the one she knew.
 A goddess of fairy queens was she;
 And she ran to my arms, on seeing me,
 And, whispering, murmured, "My love, tell me
 If a knight this night rode over the lea?"
 I turned to the fairy a twinkling gaze.
 And said, "Sweet child, the knight may be
 Drowned away in yon azure sea.

I saw him plunge from the cloud away,
This night, as here in my bower I lay."
She murmured in anguish, and tears fell fast
From her azure eyes, and she said, at last,
In sobs that move my hatred more :
"If my love is dead for evermore,
I shall search for him in the deep blue sea."
Her gaze, in a mingled fear and sigh,
Sought out in the south a beam near by,
That moved from a star in the azure sky.
And the pigmy who rode in the beam's sweet ray,
And rode on a steed that dazzled the day,
Spoke first to her, and then to me.
He said, "You are near the sleeping knight,
And the fairy here has told her aright;
But the knight is not in the deep blue sea."
Then turning in mirth, he said to me:
"Your knight is far in the fields away,
And sleeps 'neath the dews that downward spray,
And fall on his lips in the twilight ray."
The goddess turned and gazed about,
And seeing the knight, she moved away
To the star, and left us there in play,
Till the knight awoke at the break of day.
But the pigmy told me there that night,
As the knight swooned on in exhaustion there,
That the knight was not for me or she
Who lived in the planet over me;
But each loved the knight for evermore.



DIANA'S DREAM.

A WAY on the icy fields, they say,
Of Labrador, in the southern sea,
A fairy rode in a shaft of light,
From temperatures far fields away,
Away to the south, beyond the day
Where temperature is said to be,
And he rode, and he rode, in search of me.
There in the icy walls I lay,
Where dewdrops were and roses grew,
'Neath emerald skies of the bluest hue;
Where the sun was green,
And the earth was white,
And the heavens threw a deep red light,
Most awful to endure
By gods of ancient temperature.
But the fairies loved the tropics there,
And lived in the balmy atmosphere.
The knight rode on, and his steed was gold,
And the knight was arrayed
In the light of day,
Of temperature so far away.
Upon his brow a jewel gleamed,
From wrist to throat his armour streamed,
In light that caused the sun to throw
A shadow to expel the glow.

For a jewel he was of every beam
Of light that ever yet was seen;
And his steed was gold, and colored so
That the heavens threw a redder glow
Of heat in hatred of the foe,
To melt the steed of gold, they thought,
In hatred of the knight he brought
Into the realms of ice and snow.
Away to the north, and through a rain
Of azure drops of tropic dews,
A knight in pleasing splendor came;
His steed was white, and the knight was blue
As indigo, of the realms he knew.
And away to the west and over the sea,
And high above the sea's red glow,
There lived a knight that loved me so.
That day and night, and morn and e'en,
The gallant knight was ever seen.
His dark red roan, in belted power of rainbow,
Stood above the sea,
And gnashed his chains in startled gaze
In sparkles looking down on me.
And the knight was black as black could be,
A giant knight, in arms so bold,
And eyes that threw a light serene
On me, until the knights were seen.
He reined his steed, and gazed away
To the south, there gods appeared in such array
That skies, and stars, and night and day
Burst forth in one vast jeweled array.
The armies of the knight they were
From fields of ancient temperature.
Away to the east, a deity
Rode in from space beyond, they say,
Beyond the fields of light and day;

The fields of liquids far away,
Where temperature can never stray.
The deity rode a purple steed,
That, winged, moved in azure speed
Of elements, whose movements so
In dash huris all into a glow.
The steed was winged at ear and heel,
His gaze was arrows hurled from bow,
In silver streams, and onward so
Until the elements became
A sea of arrows, and his name
Maneuvered these upon the plain.
The deity rode calmly by,
His wings were ornaments of sky
Of every hue that e'er was known,
And fashioned in the shape may be
Of insect winged deity;
On shoulders these, their folds anew
Turn colors, white or red or blue,
Or black, as densest mystery.
The knights at south, at north, at west,
Sank helpless down before his crest,
And blade he held at right, in rest.
My dream was o'er, I woke, 'twas day,
And stars were shining far away
In crisps like ice
Within the glow of sunlight green,
And blood-red skies, as e'er was seen.
With purple oceans that did flow,
And zones as white as driven snow
Within the ice of Labrador.



THE GIANT AND THE SONGSTER.

THERE'S a castle on a hill,
Where a knight lived on a day,
When time was young and fairies loved
The fairest knight—away.

And the castle on the hill
Tells a story, so they tell,
Of a tragedy of knighthood
O'er a lovely loved fairy.

For a pretty god of song
Sang to her his lovely strains,
And his charger stood without
And gnashed his heavy chains.

And in time, as time will go,
There arrived the songster's foe,
A giant strong and powerful,
And so the fairies tell.

And the giant called the knight
Who had the castle there,
And the giant offered fight
To fight in his despair.

The knight rode out with him,
And he fell upon the plain
In an instant at the hands
Of the giant old of fame.

And the fairy heard the cry
Of her father dying there,
And the fairy looked at death,
And at life and at despair.

For what, oh, what she knew
Could a pretty songster do,
With the giant of the ages,
And the largest giant, too?

But her fears aroused the songster,
And he saw all her alarms,
And he saw there in her eyeballs
The battle and the forms

Of the giant standing o'er him,
O'er her fairy father, too;
And the songster tore his neckwear,
And his instrument he threw.

And he drew his silver blade
In calm decision there,
And he looked beneath his brow
On the lovely fairy fair.

The giant signaled combat,
And the songster mounted steed,
And in battle motion chargers wheeled
Upon the velvet mead.

In the dash, the giant threw away
The songster and his horse,
And thought the little fool was slain
Upon the water's course,

Beneath the ragged mountain,
Where now the castle stands;
But the songster rode in charge again
Upon him from the sands

Of the brook within the valley,
And the giant dashed anew,
And the songster o'er the mountain side
The angry giant threw.

But the songster and his steed
In an instant reappeared
In a charge upon the giant.
And the giant's hate was stirred.

And he rode to meet the songster,
And in all his power as well,
And he fell from off his charger there,
And so the fairies tell.

And the songster laughed most loud,
And he said, right merrily:
"My noble foe, why try so strange
A strategy on me?"

I'm but a little songster;
The ages speak of you
As of the giant evermore
Who all the fairies slew."

The giant wept in anguish,
And answered: "Now, you see,
I'm wrong to seek a songster's life;
Away! away from me!"

The songster signaled combat,
And again the giant hurled
The songster and his charger,
They say, beyond the world.

But instantly, so sudden,
And so the fairies tell,
The songster came like lightning
In a charge upon the vale.

The giant rode again,
And the songster threw in air,
And he sought to kill the songster
As he fell back to the sphere.

But the songster there eluded him,
And dashed on steed away,
And the giant trembled as he saw
The songster stand at bay.

Again they signaled combat,
The songster's steed sped in,
And the giant felt the silver blade
Cut through his abdomen.

Again the steed wheeled round about,
Again the giant threw
The songster and his charger
Into the skies of blue.

Again the giant pled:
"Why, songster, you are wrong
To war with me and aggravate
My ever noble throng."

The songster signaled combat;
High in the sky of blue
The giant dashed, but failed to cut
The songster's steed in two.

The songster and his steed
Plunged and plunged away,
The giant followed after
In blind and mad array.

And on they darted on,
And onward to the sea.
The ocean gods stood there in space
And watched the victory.

The songster whirled his charger round;
His charger darted in;
The giant felt the silver blade
Play through his abdomen.

The giant wept in scorn,
And to the songster said:
"Why does a lovely songster thus
Tease me until I'm led

To kill a helpless songster?"
And so the giant said.
The songster signaled combat,
And struck the giant's head.

The ocean roared, then hushed,
As the chargers broke away,
And wheeled in velvet grasses
To charge anew, they say.

The giant, dazed and breathless, knew,
Amid the tempest din,
The silver blade played to his lungs,
As lunged the steeds again.

Anew the giant fell;
His steed had stumbled there,
And now the songster sheathed his blade
In calm disgust, despair.

The giant saw his shame,
Emitting then a roar of hate,
They tell, so plainly heard
Upon the azure shore.

He mounted steed and came
As a madman of the main,
And hurled the songster and his horse
Out in the ocean plain.

And the songster fought his way
Through the ocean back to land,
And in an hour of time to there
Before the giant stand.

The giant pled in words
Ne'er heard by God or man,
Explaining to the songster
That his mind was out of tune.

The songster signaled combat;
Again his steed dashed through,
And the giant felt the silver blade
Cut heart-strings all in two.

The giant moaned in hate,
And in his mad despair
Plunged again and fell anew
Upon the carpet there.

The ocean hurled her gauntlet,
And hurled it on the plain,
In challenge to the songster
To fight the raging main.

The giant stood erect
And challenged now, they say,
The songster to dismount
To fight the giant in that way.

The fairy ran away,
The giant on pursues,
Until they reach a mountain pass
The giant there did choose.

The giant hurled the songster
Back to the ocean plain,
The songster in his fleetest speed
Came running back again.

The giant hurled a roar
Of hatred at the knight,
That as a fearful tempest
Hurled the songster out of sight.

The songster came again
Out of the skies of blue,
And rushed upon the giant,
Cutting all his wits in two.

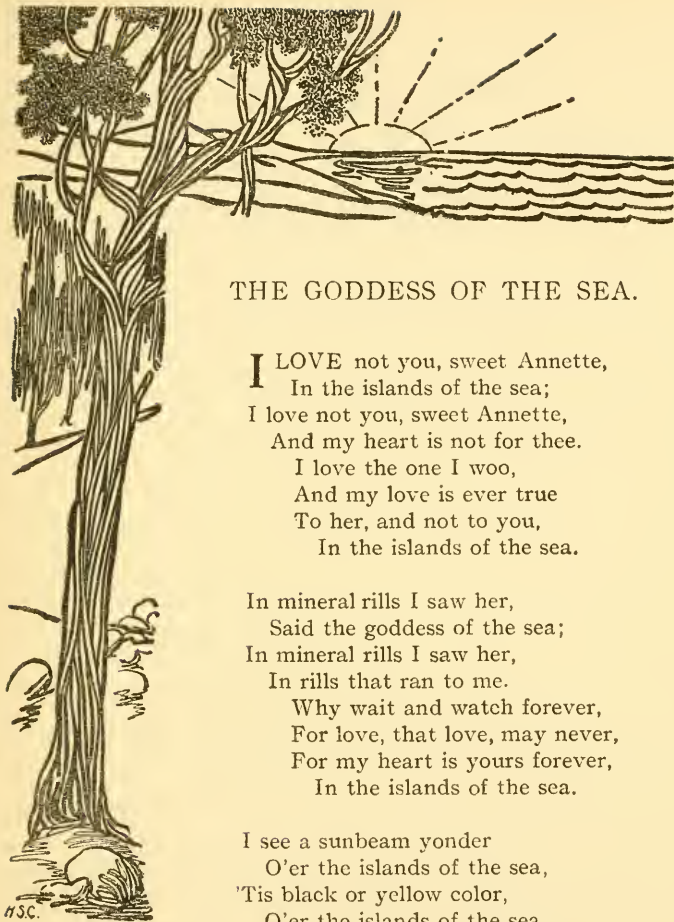
The giant, now insane,
Rushed round upon the dell,
And seized the little songster,
And upon the songster fell.

The songster whispered low
To the giant, so they say,
And said to him, "The fairy queen
Is running quite away."

The giant sprang in air
And shrieked in storms of rain;
The songster drew the giant's sword
And gave it him again.

The songster signaled combat,
But now the giant knew
Precisely what the songster
Intended next to do.

The songster there played mad,
And plunged at him and ran
Until the giant laid, they tell,
A corpse upon the plain.



THE GODDESS OF THE SEA.

I LOVE not you, sweet Annette,
In the islands of the sea;
I love not you, sweet Annette,
And my heart is not for thee.
I love the one I woo,
And my love is ever true
To her, and not to you,
In the islands of the sea.

In mineral rills I saw her,
Said the goddess of the sea;
In mineral rills I saw her,
In rills that ran to me.
Why wait and watch forever,
For love, that love, may never,
For my heart is yours forever,
In the islands of the sea.

I see a sunbeam yonder
O'er the islands of the sea,
'Tis black or yellow color,
O'er the islands of the sea.
If in that beam of color
My love is there, go tell her
That I wait for her forever,
In the islands of the sea.

In death I saw her yonder,
Said the goddess of the sea;
In death and in disorder,
And in love of aught but thee.
Why linger here and wait
For the deity of fate,
When I would be your mate,
In the islands of the sea?

I love I know not who,
Said the lover in reply;
I love I know not who,
Is the apple of my eye.
But I tell you, sweetheart dear,
My heart is most sincere,
And I'll love you unto fear,
In the islands of the sky.

In sobs of maddened anguish,
The goddess of the sea
Sobbed on, and sobbed in murmurs,
Her ever fondest plea.
But the deity's reply,
Was, "Love there in the sky,
I'll be yours until I die,
In the islands of the sea."



THE ANCIENT KNIGHTS OF TABERLEE.

A DEWDROP sat on the gauzy wing
Of a fairy knight in a realm of June;
The knight rode out through the morning spray
Of light, but the dewdrop said: "Too soon."

And on they rode, and the twinkling gaze
Of the dewdrop fixed upon the knight
Began to fade, as a tiny haze
Of softened cloud before the light.

And the knight rode on to the enemy,
And the dewdrop viewed him from afar;
As in a struggle there, they say,
With a villain knight he locked in war.

And time went on, and the knight endured,
And the war went on in the usual way,
And the knight expired, yet reassured
That death would come to the enemy.

And death did come, and both appeared
Upon a realm of the starry lea,
Of gods of light, and gods of night,
And gods of mirth and revery.

The knights at sight drew swords again,
The winds murmured above the tree,
And the dewdrop said, from the plain beneath:
"The villain knight is the knight for me."

For the fairy knight, in the battle there,
Fell from his steed, for his steed was rash;
And the villain stood in the black oak shade,
And awaited there a second dash.

And the dewdrop said: "The villain knight
Lacks winged decorations there;
But beneath those shoulders, shining bright,
Is power to do beyond compare."

And the knight reined in his charger steed
And gazed upon the villain's brow;
Then turned in hate, and dashed to earth,
And the villain followed on, and now

The knight filled earth and time and space
With lies to hide his certain doom,
And the villain rode to his hamlet door
And slew the knight in his hopeless tomb.

And time went on through the awful night,
In the night of time to the fairies there,
And morning dawned in the light of day,
And the knight from the ocean reappeared.

And the knights drew sword in the mellow light
Of the sun that gazed another way,
And the villain knight cut down again
The knight of ancient perfidy.

And on time went to the hour of noon,
And the knight again appeared anew,
And the dewdrop said, "Soon, too soon."
Said to the knight, "My knight, too soon."

And the knight retired to the ages slow,
In hate congealed of his awful wars,
In search of the villain, once his foe,
And the knights there met among the stars.

And the villain knight wore the wings of power,
And the knight of old wore the shabby folds
Of the beautied ornaments serene,
That once hid vice with their streams of gold.

And the knights drew swords in the happy field
Where the moonlight shone in the silent awe,
And the villain knight absorbed the knight.
In a dash in the moonlight spheres of law.

And the knight was the villain knight in sooth,
And the villain was the knight of old,
And the villain wore his shoulders bare
To strip from the knight his wings of gold.

And the villain saw in his form, the knight,
And he saw a knight in child array,
Attack the knight in his heart's domain,
And there freeze the knight from the light of day.

And the knight warmed as the cold relaxed
On him, and there the villain saw
Within the knight a devil-king.
Within the king, a god of law.

And the devil king was seized upon
And burned in time's eternity,
And the knight, now sane, rode out anew
In the plains of sky in the starry lea.

And the knights there met beneath the shade
Of a fairy realm's most perfect tree,
And the knight rode in and said, good sooth,
And the villain said, right merrily,

And the knight's reined steed beneath the boughs
That hung as maidens overhead,
And the villain knight called to his realms
Of the fury gods he ever led.

And the knight now said, "Why are we thus,
Must war forever here endure?"
And the villain said, "My pretty knight,
You are not in these spheres secure."

And the knight rode away to his ancient home,
And he said to his sweetheart slumbering there:
"Awake, my queen, for the time has come
When I with fate must better fare."

But the goddess said, and said, "I know
I loved you once in time of old,
But the love I had has turned your foe
And would slay you 'neath the sea of gold."

And the knight rode back to the rival knight
And said, "I live in a sphere unknown,"
And the villain knight drew sword again,
And the knights each fell 'neath the forest's moan

And the winds rushed on, on to the sea,
And warned the sea of approaching power,
And the knights appeared and now as one,
Ignored the sea in her mating hour.

And the sea, in a swoon of hate untold,
Gasped to her gods to lend her aid;
And the knight and villain, now as one,
Destroyed the sea with a subtile blade.

And the dewdrop now stood central
Within the mines of the knights of old,
And the dewdrop told the story that
The ocean was the cause untold.

That the ocean in her breathing on
Polluted gas above the sea,
And polluted gas filled time and space
With fumes attacking you and me.

And the knight rode on, and the ocean now
In death attacked the knight array,
And the knights, in mirth, attacked themselves
In apparent wars upon that day.

For the one was will, and the other power,
And the ocean grew in time to know
That the harmony of the ancient knights
Burned her to death in a hell below.

And so time went, and the ancient queen
Appeared again in the fields of light,
And the ocean god who looked on her
Was the ancient rival kingly knights.

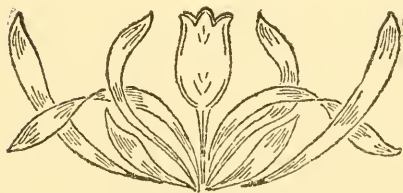


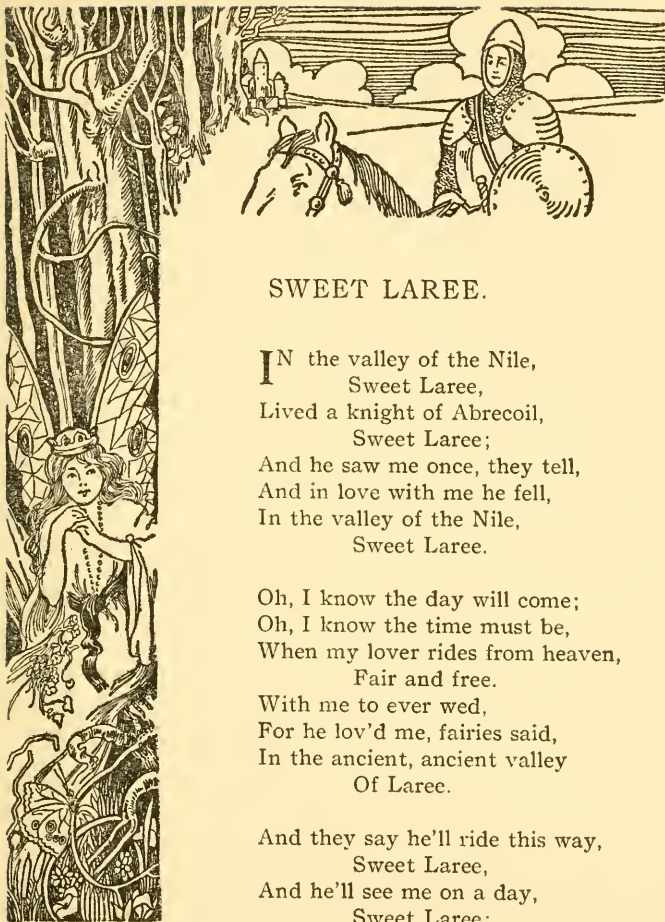
The goddess now was land untold,
And the ocean now a sea array,
And the rills were deities serene,
And the sea and the land in mirth did play.

And time went on, and the gods, they tell,
Who hated both in spheres on high,
Attacked the twain in rains of fire,
And the twain attacked in revery.

And the poison gods of the heavens now
Fell into all the fire they threw;
And the ocean goddess, now of land,
Wed there 'pon fire, the knightly two.

For the two were one, in the truest mint
That ever measured purest gold;
And their ancient wars were but a jest,
To seize the spheres of vice untold.



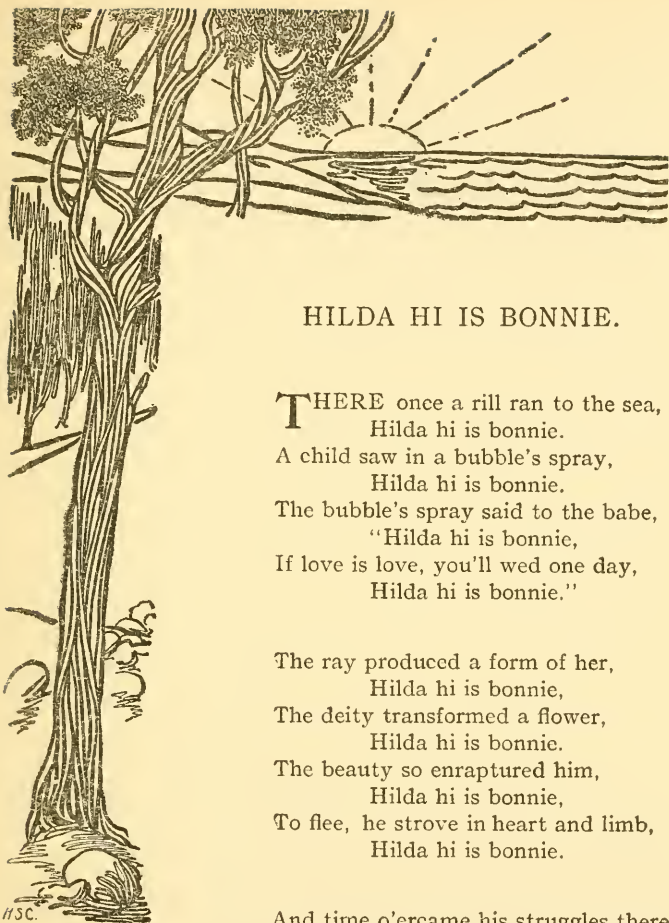


SWEET LAREE.

IN the valley of the Nile,
Sweet Laree,
Lived a knight of Abrecoil,
Sweet Laree;
And he saw me once, they tell,
And in love with me he fell,
In the valley of the Nile,
Sweet Laree.

Oh, I know the day will come;
Oh, I know the time must be,
When my lover rides from heaven,
Fair and free.
With me to ever wed,
For he lov'd me, fairies said,
In the ancient, ancient valley
Of Laree.

And they say he'll ride this way,
Sweet Laree,
And he'll see me on a day,
Sweet Laree;
And forever from that hour
His love is in my power,
For they say he lov'd alone,
Sweet Laree.

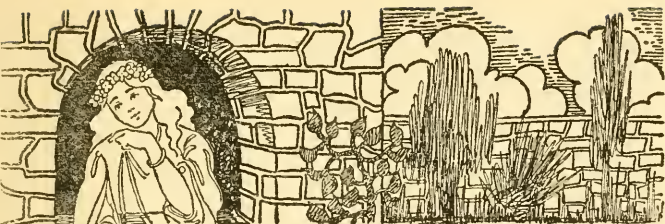


HILDA HI IS BONNIE.

THERE once a rill ran to the sea,
Hilda hi is bonnie.
A child saw in a bubble's spray,
Hilda hi is bonnie.
The bubble's spray said to the babe,
"Hilda hi is bonnie,
If love is love, you'll wed one day,
Hilda hi is bonnie."

The ray produced a form of her,
Hilda hi is bonnie,
The deity transformed a flower,
Hilda hi is bonnie.
The beauty so enraptured him,
Hilda hi is bonnie,
To flee, he strove in heart and limb,
Hilda hi is bonnie.

And time o'ercame his struggles there,
Hilda hi is bonnie,
And he died, maddened with the fair,
Hilda hi is bonnie.



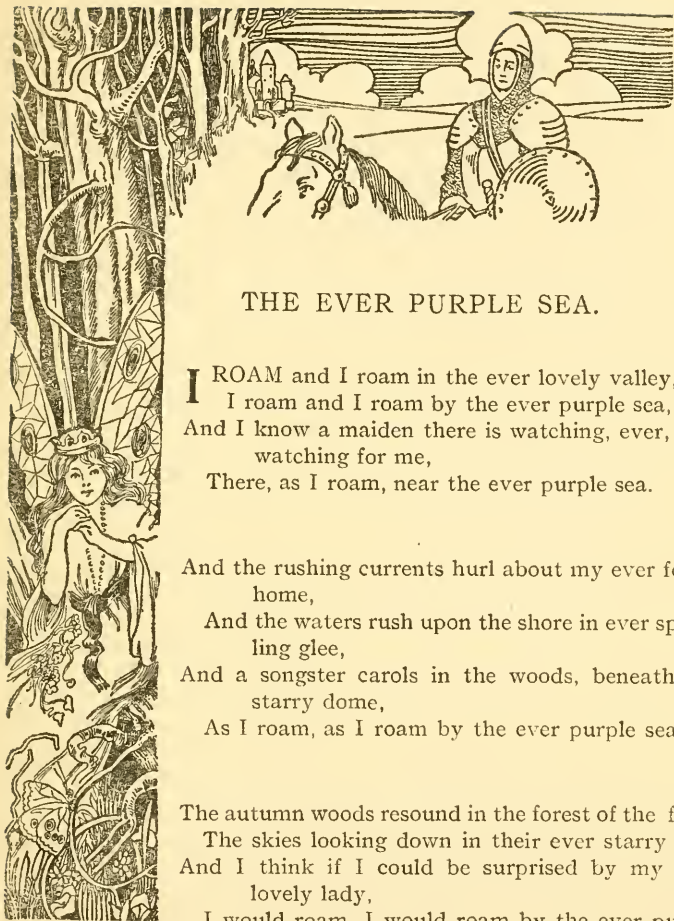
THE MAID OF THE SUN.

THERE lived in heaven's spheres away, and
just above the sun,
A pretty little maid of coquetry, of coquetry;
And to her bower in autumn all the leaves forever
run,
To the pretty little maiden's bower that's just above
the sun.

And she's flirting with the ocean, and she's flirting
with the sea,
And she's flirting all the lover's loves that come
that way to see,
The pretty little maiden that is just above the sun,
And to her bower in autumn all the leaves forever
run.

Now, I think I know a way to win the maiden's
heart, you see;
The maiden who is telling everybody she can spy;
That she loves them, may be that and may be not,
you plainly see,
I'll win her heart by coquetry, the means she
teaches me.



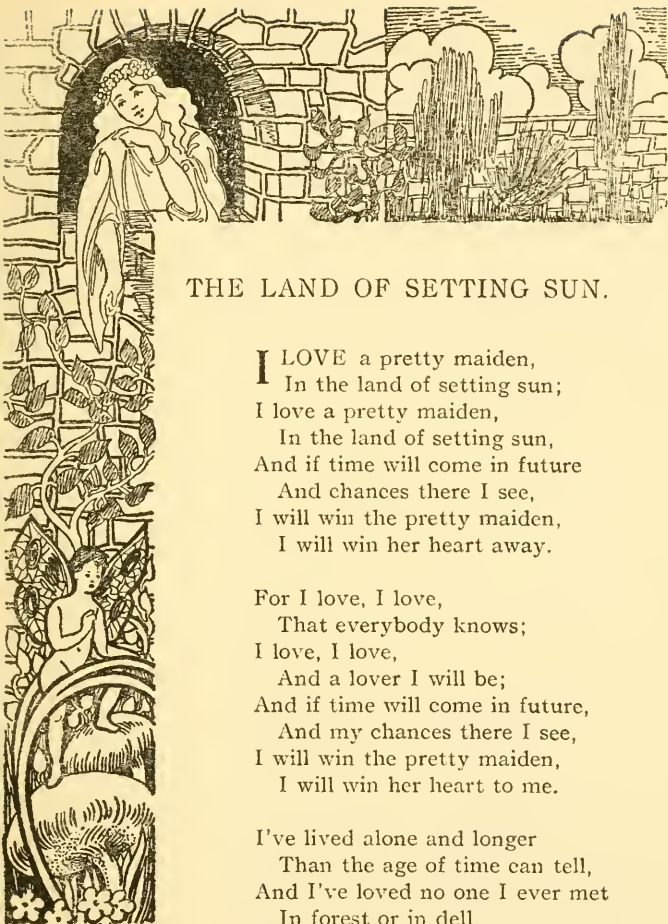


THE EVER PURPLE SEA.

I ROAM and I roam in the ever lovely valley,
I roam and I roam by the ever purple sea,
And I know a maiden there is watching, ever, ever
watching for me,
There, as I roam, near the ever purple sea.

And the rushing currents hurl about my ever forest
home,
And the waters rush upon the shore in ever spark-
ling glee,
And a songster carols in the woods, beneath the
starry dome,
As I roam, as I roam by the ever purple sea.

The autumn woods resound in the forest of the furies,
The skies looking down in their ever starry glare;
And I think if I could be surprised by my own
lovely lady,
I would roam, I would roam by the ever purple
sea.



THE LAND OF SETTING SUN.

I LOVE a pretty maiden,
In the land of setting sun;
I love a pretty maiden,
In the land of setting sun,
And if time will come in future
And chances there I see,
I will win the pretty maiden,
I will win her heart away.

For I love, I love,
That everybody knows;
I love, I love,
And a lover I will be;
And if time will come in future,
And my chances there I see,
I will win the pretty maiden,
I will win her heart to me.

I've lived alone and longer
Than the age of time can tell,
And I've loved no one I ever met
In forest or in dell,
And if time will come in future,
And my chances there I see,
I will win the pretty maiden,
I will win her heart away.



A TEASING LITTLE MINSTREL.

A TEASING little minstrel
 Sat near a love one day,
 And the teasing little minstrel
 There to the love did say:

Let us roam away, away,
 And return no more, maybe,
 For I think I love you dearer
 Than the bubbles on the sea.

And the love sat weeping, weeping,
 Weeping by the hours that passed;
 And the minstrel played in music
 Each thought she felt. At last

The minstrel whispered, "Sweetheart,
 Harken unto me;
 I love you ever, ever more
 Than the bubbles on the sea."

And time went on, and fairest love
 Grew older, older far,
 And the minstrel lived near her still
 In his ever plea to her.

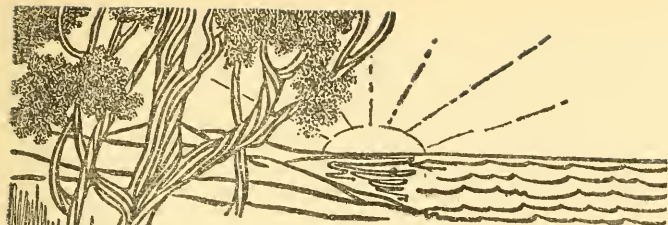
And one morning in the dewdrops
The love stole quite away,
And left the helpless minstrel
Upon that ancient day.

And ages came and ages went,
In time of yore, of old,
And time went on in spheres of light,
And spheres of purest gold.

One day a mountain signaled,
And signaled to the sea,
And said, "Give up my minstrel,
My minstrel up to me."

And the goddess laughed right merrily,
And to the mountain said,
She loved more dear the minstrel
Than all the wealth she had.

And the mountain thundered in eclipse
And sank beneath the sea,
And the sea fell dead there in his grasp,
For the ancient love was he.



THE SEA IN THE RIM OF GOLD.

THERE once was a sea
Of ether untold,
All hemmed in by circuits of gold,
And the sea was so lovely
That every deity
Came from far and near
To visit in the sea.

Oh, the sea! oh, the sea!
How the pretty waters roar.
Oh, the sea! oh, the sea!
And the ever golden shore.

Once I saw a drop of water in the sea,
And I saw a goddess there in the sea,
And I said to her, "Oh, hear me!
If love is, thou art near me."
And the goddess kissed her hand to me,
Forever in the sea.

Oh, the sea! oh, the sea!
How the pretty waters roar.
Oh, the sea! oh, the sea!
And the ever golden shore.

A time came and I was the lea,
And my goddess drop of water was the sea;
I was the rim of gold about her waist untold,
And my goddess was the goddess of the sea.

Oh, the sea! oh, the sea!
How the pretty waters roar.
Oh, the sea! oh, the sea!
And the ever golden shore.



THE SONG OF THE GOLDEN SEA.

HIS head lay on her bosom,
And his finger touched the lyre;
Within the sea, the lovely sea of gold;
And he whispered softly, "Sweetheart,
I have met in spheres afar
A goddess of the silver of the mould."

And the rills ran by her bower,
And the forest kissed her brow;
And the heavens softly whispered in each breeze;
And all nature ceased to move,
And the ocean looked on her,
And the love-god stole toward us from the trees.

And he swooned upon her bosom,
And the goddess angry grew;
And her love-god hissed and hurled a dart at him;
But the goddess saw his beauty,
As his brow turned upward now;
And the goddess knelt there softly over him.

And the rills ran by her bower,
And the forest kissed her brow;
And the heavens softly whispered in each breeze;
And all nature ceased to move;
And the ocean looked on her;
And the love-god stole toward them from the trees.

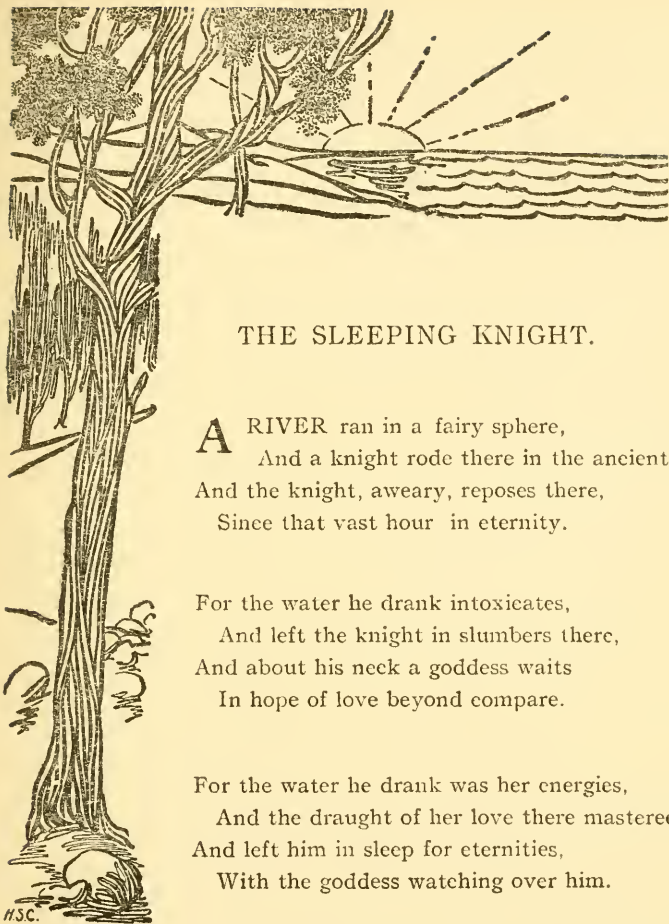
And the goddess touched his curls
With her fingers trembling;

Then pressed her hands now softly on their folds;
And the goddess sobs in anguish;
And the goddess kisses him,
Within the sea—the ever sea of gold.

And the rills ran by her bower;
And the forest kissed her brow;

And the heavens softly whispered in each breeze;
And all nature ceased to move;
And the ocean looked on her;
And the love-god stole toward them from the trees.



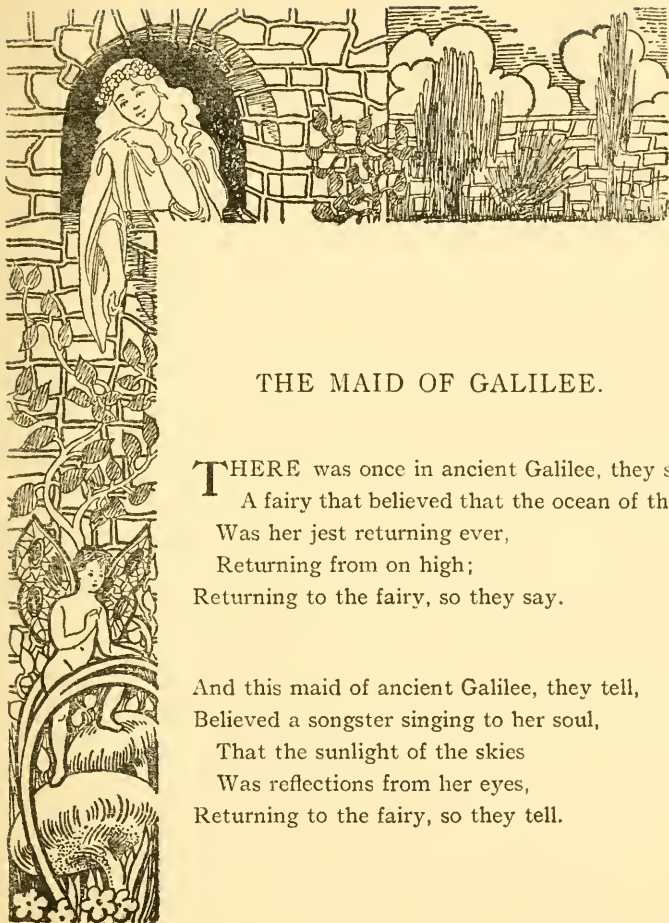


THE SLEEPING KNIGHT.

A RIVER ran in a fairy sphere,
And a knight rode there in the ancient day,
And the knight, aweary, reposes there,
Since that vast hour in eternity.

For the water he drank intoxicates,
And left the knight in slumbers there,
And about his neck a goddess waits
In hope of love beyond compare.

For the water he drank was her energies,
And the draught of her love there mastered him,
And left him in sleep for eternities,
With the goddess watching over him.



THE MAID OF GALILEE.

THERE was once in ancient Galilee, they say,
A fairy that believed that the ocean of the sky,
Was her jest returning ever,
Returning from on high;
Returning to the fairy, so they say.

And this maid of ancient Galilee, they tell,
Believed a songster singing to her soul,
That the sunlight of the skies
Was reflections from her eyes,
Returning to the fairy, so they tell.



George Stewart Campbell

A LILY-LEE-LEE.

A LILY-LEE-LEE lived in a tree,
And sang in the evening that lily-lee-lees do;
And the lily-lee-lee heard of a sea,
And away to the ocean the lily-lee-lee flew.

And the evening came to the mate in the bower,
And no tidings of her sweet lover came there;
And the mate followed on, and she scarcely knew how,
To the ocean, the ocean, in her love's despair.

And the lily-lee-lee cried out to the ocean:
"Oh, enemy, tell me if love is here dead!
Oh, why is this silence of all but commotion?
My lily-lee-lee love to the ocean has fled."

And the ocean, in roars that shook down the trees,
Replied, "Pretty deity, speak not of him;
He came to the ocean my goddess to please,
And I love more than love's light the fair sight of
him."

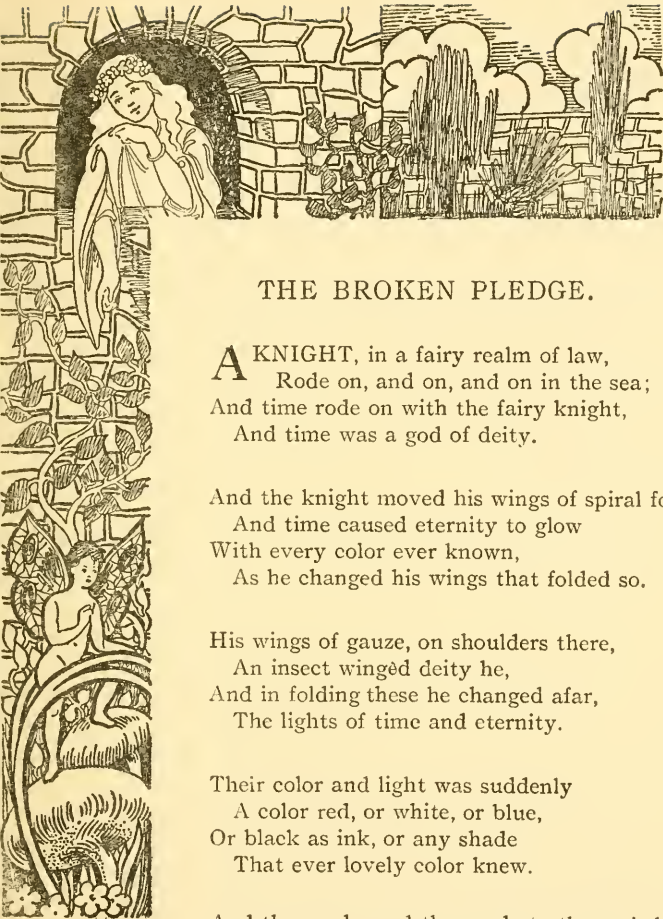


A KNIGHT OF THE SEA.

A KNIGHT of the sea, huzzah! huzzah!
Huzzah for a knight of the sea!
And the gauntlet bare for each maiden fair,
Who lays claim to her own beauty.

For we are the gods of the ocean old,
Our goddess's beauty's only form,
And she appears by night or day,
In the tempest's rush, in the ocean storm.

Her chariot's drawn by peacocks ten;
Her sword is sheathed, and we're her men;
Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!
Huzzah for the knight of the sea!



THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

A KNIGHT, in a fairy realm of law,
Rode on, and on, and on in the sea;
And time rode on with the fairy knight,
And time was a god of deity.

And the knight moved his wings of spiral form,
And time caused eternity to glow
With every color ever known,
As he changed his wings that folded so.

His wings of gauze, on shoulders there,
An insect wingèd deity he,
And in folding these he changed afar,
The lights of time and eternity.

Their color and light was suddenly
A color red, or white, or blue,
Or black as ink, or any shade
That ever lovely color knew.

And they rode, and they rode to the sea's border,
And time said to the knight of old:
"The land is near, array, array,
Array, array for the battle bold."

And time rode away, and the knight rode on,
And on and on, beyond the lea,
For time had changed the land, they say,
And the land was now a raging sea.

And the knight rode on and on anew,
And on and on, forever bold;
And time appeared, and the knightly two
Changed time and space to a sea of gold.

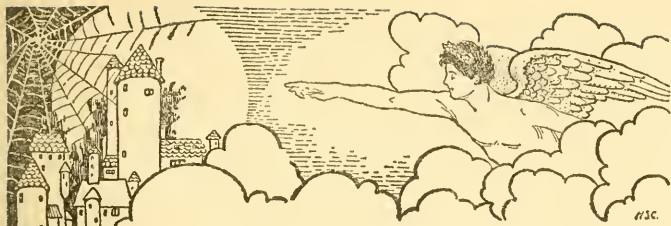
And time then rode away again,
And said to the knight of the ancient sea:
"Change time and space to time again,
And color all right crystallly."

And the knight rode on in the sea of gold,
And found the ever golden sea
More lovely than time's words to him,
And there he dwelt in eternity.

And time rode in upon a day,
And said to the knight, "Why, here are you?"
And the knight rode out again with him
To a crystal bower in a drop of dew.

And the goddess there said, "I love you
More dear than love was ever known,
And then you fail to come to me,
And chose instead a golden throne."

And the knight rode away to eternity,
And the goddess lived forever so;
And in time the knight rode there again,
To hear the goddess murmur "No."



MY QUEEN.

WHEN ages were green, not brown,
There lived in a forest, not town,
A lover serene,
Who made love to a queen,
And the answer she gave was a frown.

The queen said to him, "You must go,
I love not you, that I know;
I love no one,
And my love will go on
In search of a lover or foe."

The lover arose and moved on,
And on, and on, woe begone,
Till a tiger he met,
And he fought to defeat,
The god of the underwood wand.

There rushed from the forest away,
A lion, who plunged in his way,
And the lion's roar
Brought a god to the shore
Of a lake that before them lay.

The god signaled, "On, lion, on!"
And the lion lay low in a moan
 Of hate uncompar'd,
 To do battle he dared,
But he fell in the duel as a stone.

The god signaled on, "Enemy,
For I'll tear you to death in my way!"
 And the god and the man
 Soon lay dead on the plain,
With the sun shining down on that day.

And on time went on serene,
In time was the tiger divine,
 And the man was a god,
 Who winged o'er the sod,
And the lion was joy's fairy queen

And on through time moved the three,
Until time made the tiger a tree,
 And the man who was a power
 Of the time of the hour,
And the lion was god of the sea.

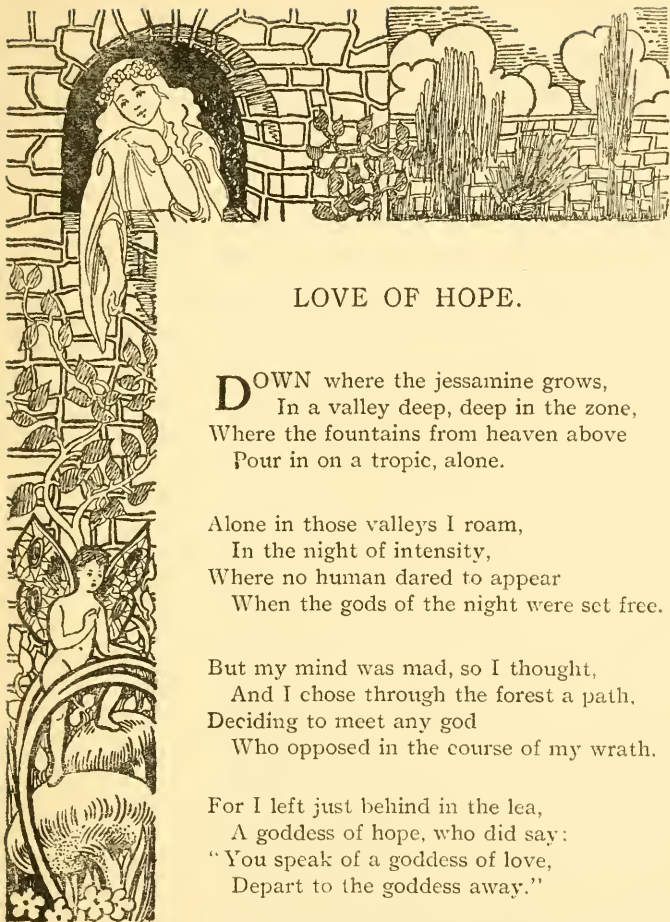
Time moved forever away,
And in time, in a future day,
 The three were one,
 And the god was a fawn,
And the goddess, a songster, they say.

And on went time evermore,
And the three lit serene on a shore,
 Where the god was the land,
 That forever they scanned,
And the goddess, the deep ocean's roar.

In time and time, far away,
All flew as a gull o'er the sea;
 There mating, they say,
 In their own lovely way,
With a gull of eternity.

And so all moved in time,
In forms most serene and divine,
 Until, they tell,
 That the goddess—oh, well,
They say, fell in love with me!





LOVE OF HOPE.

DOWN where the jessamine grows,
In a valley deep, deep in the zone,
Where the fountains from heaven above
Pour in on a tropic, alone.

Alone in those valleys I roam,
In the night of intensity,
Where no human dared to appear
When the gods of the night were set free.

But my mind was mad, so I thought,
And I chose through the forest a path,
Deciding to meet any god
Who opposed in the course of my wrath.

For I left just behind in the lea,
A goddess of hope, who did say:
"You speak of a goddess of love,
Depart to the goddess away."

And her beauty had charmed me mad,
Her voice filled my mad mind with chimes;
Her splendor was more than a world,
And her person more loved than all rhymes

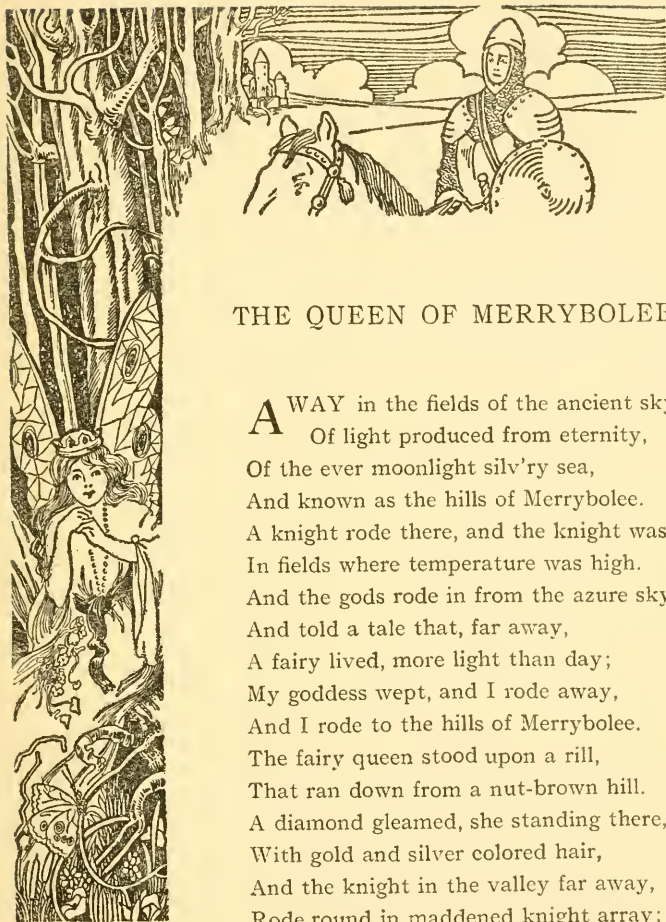
Ever penned by the god or by man,
And her power was not coquetry;
She seemed to enchant without aim.
And to hold thought in swoons of sublimity.

I moved on through a tiny dell,
Where hair-ferns grew upon crags,
And the beauty was heaven's hell,
To me, all that I saw was but dregs.

And stealing among these sweet domes
Of tiniest beauties, I saw
A serpent god moved from my path,
And a boa appeared in the awe.

In the silence of night, where I trod,
And signaled the forces for power,
And the fury plunged there on my arms,
That as boas appeared on that hour.

In the morning, they tell me, I lay
In the coils of the boa supreme;
My arms there in death had destroyed
The god of the jungle's fair queen.



THE QUEEN OF MERRYBOLEE.

A WAY in the fields of the ancient sky,
Of light produced from eternity,
Of the ever moonlight silv'ry sea,
And known as the hills of Merrybolee.
A knight rode there, and the knight was me,
In fields where temperature was high.
And the gods rode in from the azure sky,
And told a tale that, far away,
A fairy lived, more light than day;
My goddess wept, and I rode away,
And I rode to the hills of Merrybolee.
The fairy queen stood upon a rill,
That ran down from a nut-brown hill.
A diamond gleamed, she standing there,
With gold and silver colored hair,
And the knight in the valley far away,
Rode round in maddened knight array;
And he challenged all, and he challenged me,
To fight on the hills of Merrybolee.

My splendid corsair sniffed the air,
In a plunge of hate beyond compare;
My sword was drawn, and I offered free,
To fight in the vales of Merryboleë.
And the fairy spoke, and she spoke to me,
The fairy said, "My knights are fair;
My heaven here's beyond compare;
Why rides a knight thus merrily,
To war with knight or war with me?"
She called to the knight in the valley there
To sheath his blade, and in despair,
He gazed at her and gazed at me,
Then plunged from the hills of Merryboleë.
I spurred my steed and I followed on,
In a dash that shook the solar sun,
And I cut him down on the ancient wall,
That hides the day from the night's black pall;
And I followed him on to eternity,
And I raised him up in carrion there,
And I bore him down in my hate's despair,
In love of my queen right royally,
Who caused to weep, I rode to see,
The fairy queen of Merryboleë.

L. of G.



THE BURIAL BENEATH THE SUN.

OUT in the green where the waters were,
 And the emerald skies looked down in the glow
 Of the ever purple water flow,
 A fairy knight to a hamlet went,
 Away in the southern firmament.
 He rode away in the lashing sea
 Of the south, and the ocean merrily
 Rode on with him to the Alcala,
 Where a knight lived there in perfidy,
 Who dared to live, so the fairies say.
 And the ocean gods rode on in glee,
 And the knight rode on right merrily
 To the Alcala, that lay away
 To the south in the lashing emerald sea.
 And the knight was green as green could be;
 A serpent god of the ocean he,
 Who rode that morn in the purple spray
 Of the ocean lashing far away
 To the south, and in defense of the
 Fair sea's goddess, Auroralee.
 The southern knight was fierce and bold;
 He to all he met his valor told,
 But a coward he proved upon that day
 In a dash in the southern Alcala,
 Where he fell beneath the green knight's sway.
 And the oceans of the Alcala
 Surrounded him, and they bore him on
 To his burial beneath the sun.





THE FAIRY HILL.

A LITTLE hill, one morning, sat
 And gazed away, as hills do that,
 And seemed to be as happy so
 As hills can be that never grow,
 Or play, or hear their marms sing,
 Without a nurse, and not a wing,
 Have little hills just not a thing
 Of any kind have hills, they say.
 And down upon the little hill,
 A pretty songster lit and sang,
 And in her notes that gayly rang
 In music everywhere, she said:
 "This lovely sky, this lovely lea,
 This lovely heaven, come to me,
 And I will make you ever wed
 This little hill," the songster said.

And as the skies poured in upon
 The little hill, and ever on,
 In shrieks of joy each goddess wept,
 In smiles of hope each dewdrop slept,
 In tears of love each love god spied,
 Within the hill, a god of pride.
 A god so pretty and so small,

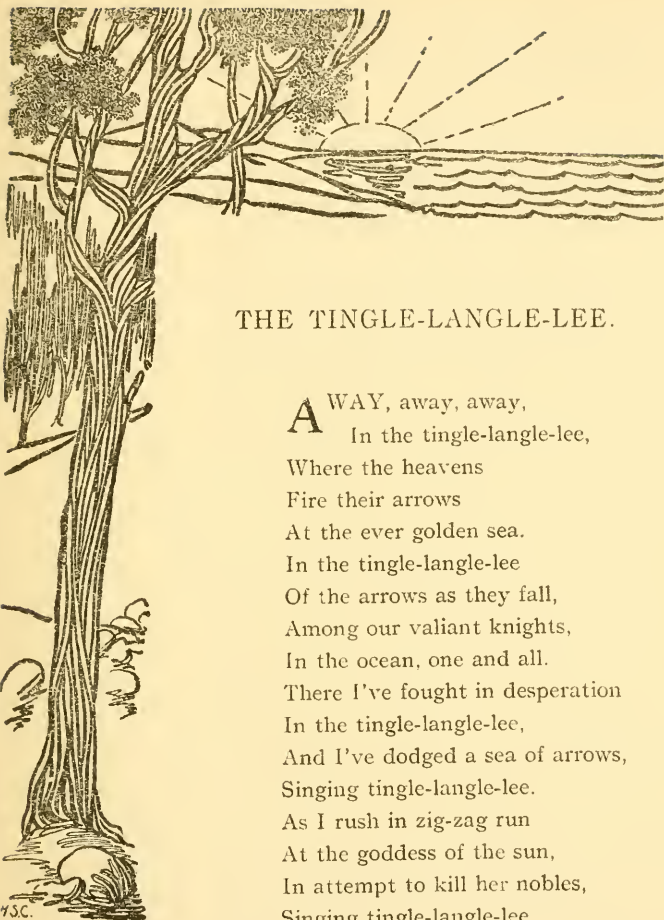
That gods, and deities, and all
Loved him more than the rays that fall,
Or beams that sparkle in the lea,
Or clouds that range above the sea,
As fair Aurora bid them all
Adieu, before she leaves the wall
Of time where she stood sentinel.

The little hill now sat below,
The heavens there in night aglow,
With darkness that so black did throw
A light of night about; and oh!
How lovely, lovely was the scene,
When on in moonlight came the queen
Of fairy-land, who rules, they say,
The night of stars, these knights away,
Knight-errant to return by day,
To her sweet bower in dark unseen,
To kneel in love before their queen.

Thus in the dark night's ride away,
In firmament unseen by day,
And seen by night, each knight array,
A field of splendid deity;
Each central knight a jewel serene,
That rides to kneel before his queen,
Or moves into the realms untold,
To meet the gods most fierce and bold,
Who claims to say, and dares to hold,
That their fair queen of purest gold,
Or reddest jewel that e'er was seen,
Is rarer than our fairy queen.

Thus in the wars, the stars alone
Observed by night in flaming zone
Of sparkles hurled upon the throne
Of our loved moon; the moon alone
Receives their glances, so they say,
As on knights ride to meet the day,
And there before Aurora's sway,
The moon and knights each fade away.
The little hill beneath the sphere
Of splendor, ancient, and most dear
To heaven and to all untold,
Of gods of silver, lead and gold,
Looked on, and to the bird did say:
"Sing on, ye minstrel of day,
I love the night; away, away."





THE TINGLE-LANGLE-LEE.

A WAY, away, away,
In the tingle-langle-lee,
Where the heavens
Fire their arrows
At the ever golden sea.
In the tingle-langle-lee
Of the arrows as they fall,
Among our valiant knights,
In the ocean, one and all.
There I've fought in desperation
In the tingle-langle-lee,
And I've dodged a sea of arrows,
Singing tingle-langle-lee.
As I rush in zig-zag run
At the goddess of the sun,
In attempt to kill her nobles,
Singing tingle-langle-lee.



HI, HI, HA, I LOVE YOU.

A JUNIPER berry sang to a rose,
Hi, hi, ha, I love you;

And the rose laughed, wittily answering,
I do not know why a berry should sing,
Hi, hi, ha, I love you.

And the berry grew fast and fell to the dust,
Hi, hi, ha, I love you;
And the rose descended to clay away,
And the rose and the berry met on the way,
Hi, hi, ha, I love you.

And the berry was grand and fair as the sun,
Hi, hi, ha, I love you;
And the rose was a maiden and woe begone,
For she found that the berry was god of the zone,
Hi, hi, ha, I love you.
And the berry said, "Maiden, where goest thou?"
Hi, hi, ha, I love you;
And the rose sank down at the feet of the zone,
And begged that the god love her alone,
Hi, hi, ha, I love you.

And the zone said, "Sweetheart, you are fair,"

Hi, hi, ha, I love you;

"But beauty to virtue doth not compare,

And I love only you, and that I swear,"

Hi, hi, ha, I love you.

And the simple rose knelt by the god,

Hi, hi, ha, I love you;

And the god laughed well, and laughed right on,

And said, "Child, a berry's the mate of the sun,"

Hi, hi, ha, I love you.

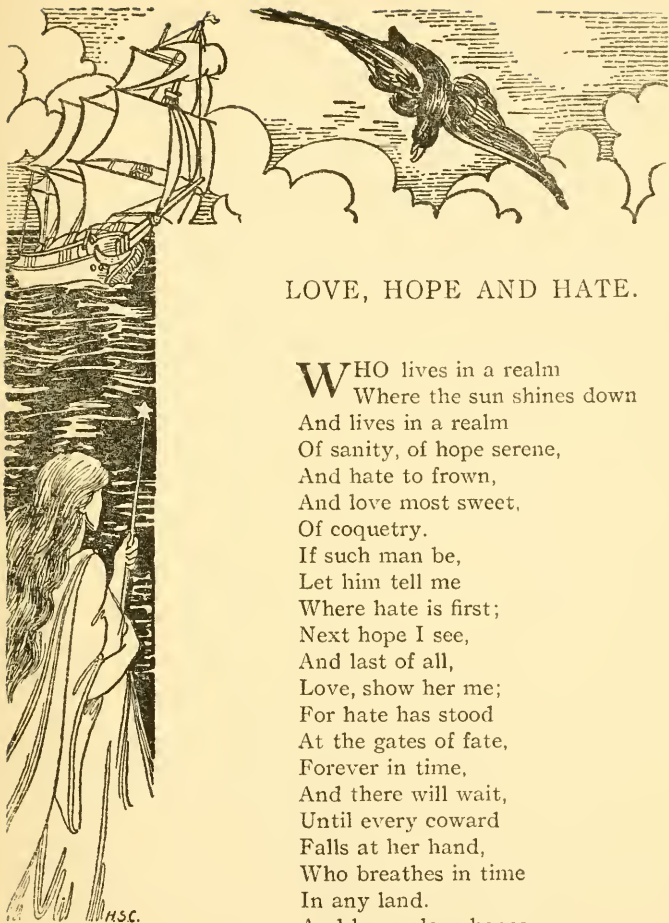
And the maid saw the god now through her tears,

Hi, hi, ha, I love you;

And she saw that the god a planet appears,

And that she was a dewdrop in his spheres,

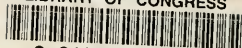
Hi, hi, ha, I love you.



LOVE, HOPE AND HATE.

WHO lives in a realm
Where the sun shines down
And lives in a realm
Of sanity, of hope serene,
And hate to frown,
And love most sweet,
Of coquetry.
If such man be,
Let him tell me
Where hate is first;
Next hope I see,
And last of all,
Love, show her me;
For hate has stood
At the gates of fate,
Forever in time,
And there will wait,
Until every coward
Falls at her hand,
Who breathes in time
In any land.
And hope alone hopes
That hate will win,
And love loves only
Perfect men.

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